



# Fly High in the Sky

*Illustrations*

Jagdish Joshi



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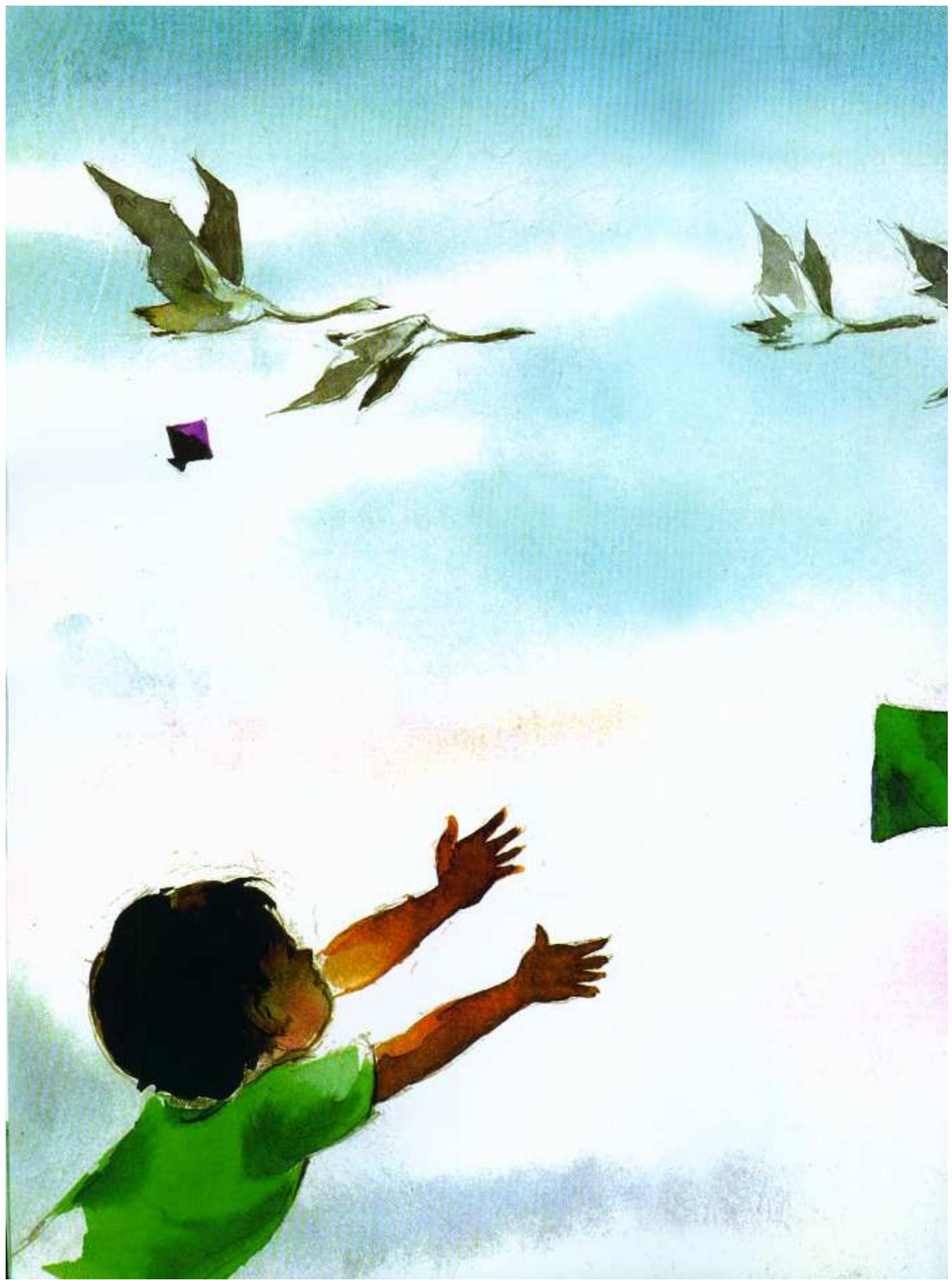
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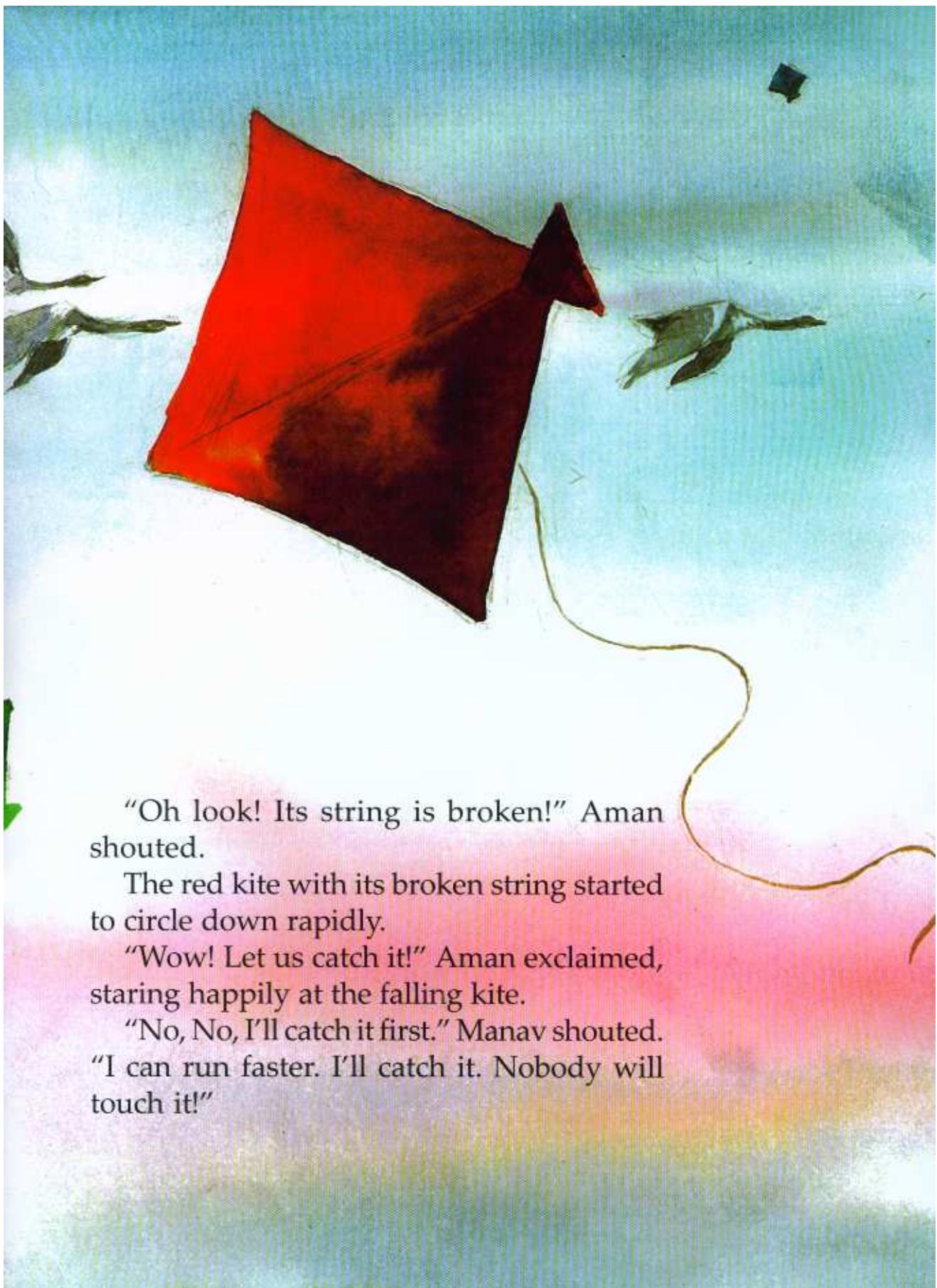


It was a bright blue sky. The children were flying kites. Suddenly they noticed a kite falling from the sky.







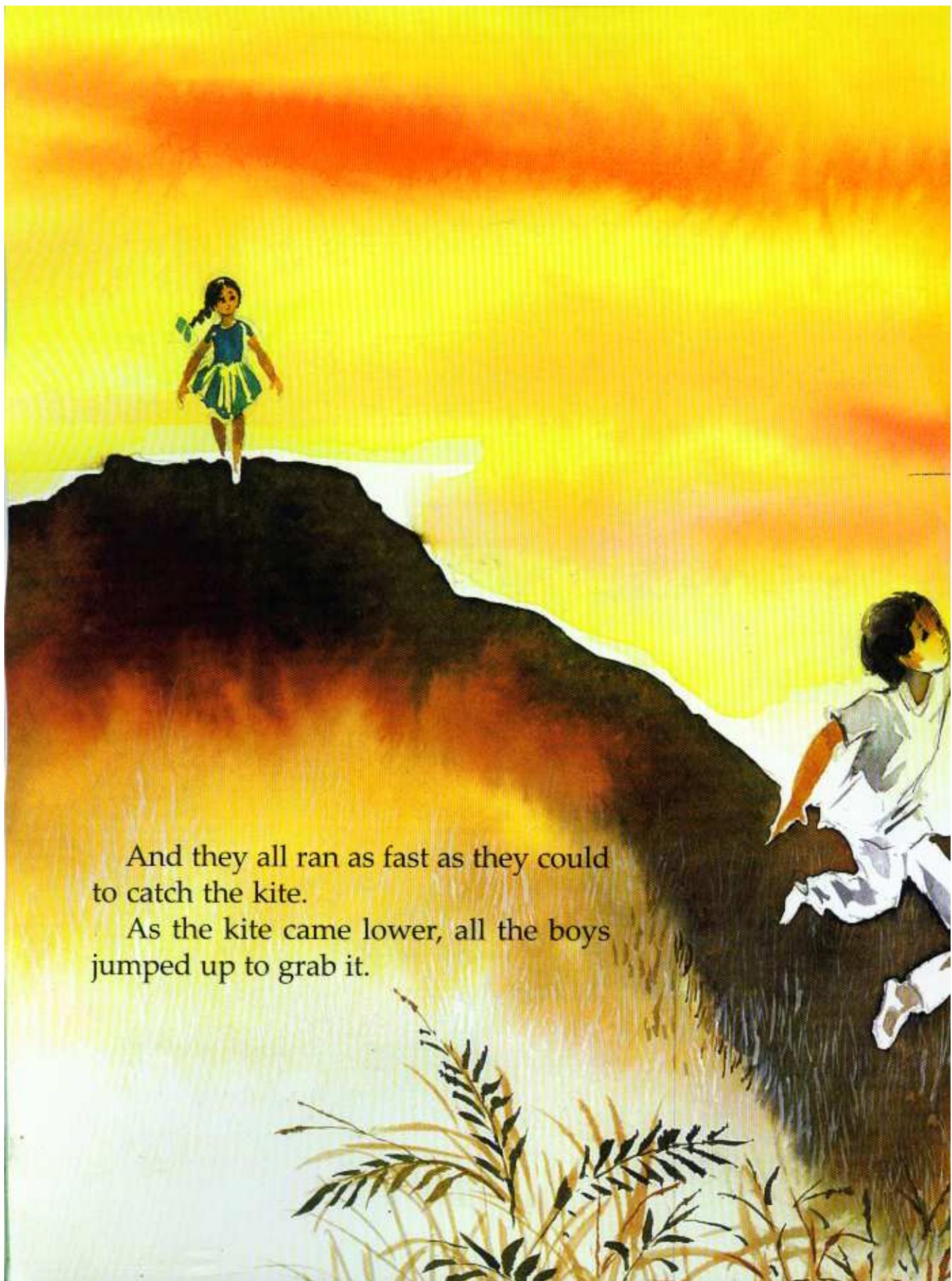


"Oh look! Its string is broken!" Aman shouted.

The red kite with its broken string started to circle down rapidly.

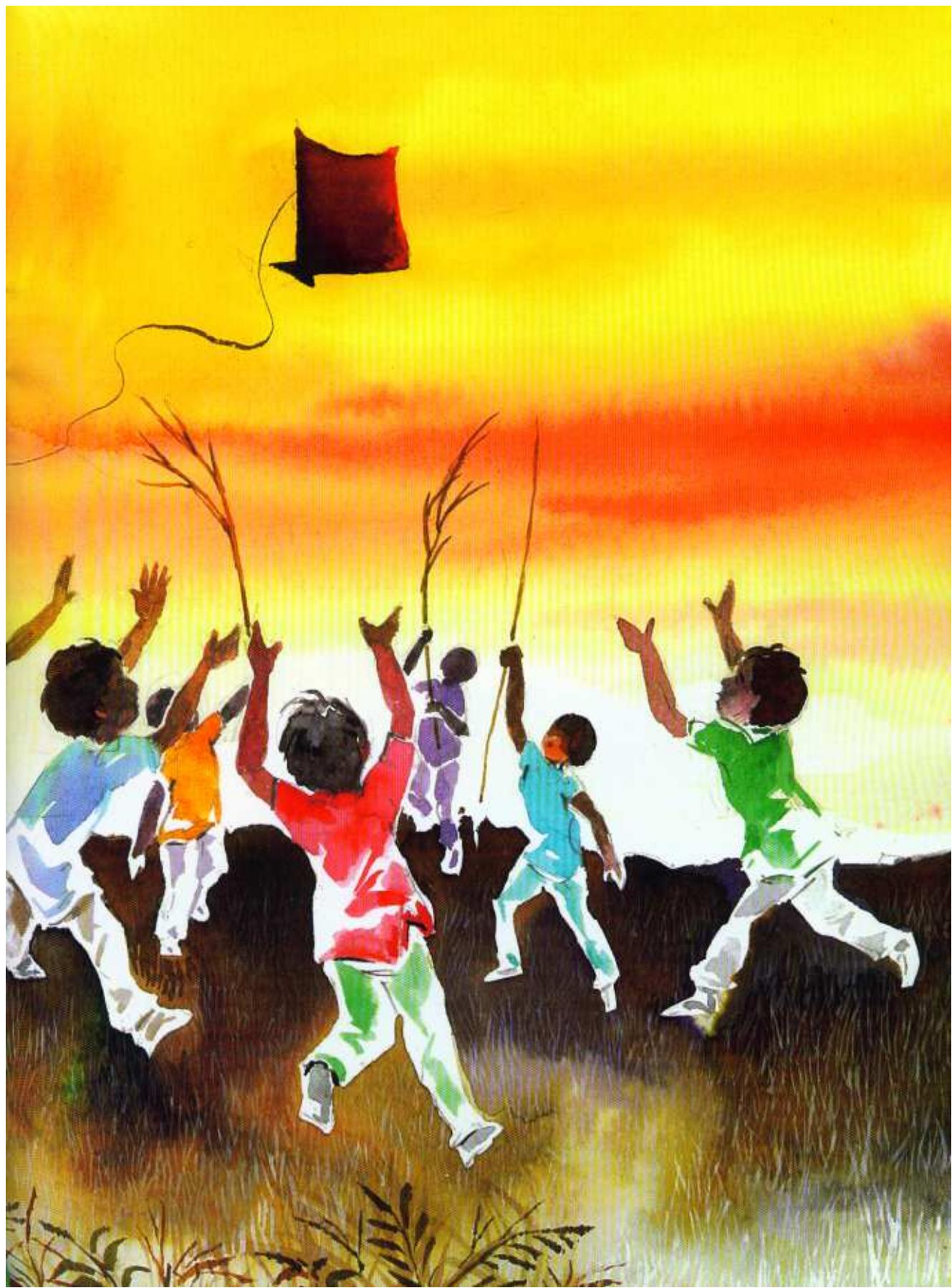
"Wow! Let us catch it!" Aman exclaimed, staring happily at the falling kite.

"No, No, I'll catch it first." Manav shouted. "I can run faster. I'll catch it. Nobody will touch it!"



And they all ran as fast as they could  
to catch the kite.

As the kite came lower, all the boys  
jumped up to grab it.



One of them got hold of only a part of the string, the other a broken frame, while others could manage only a few pieces of paper!

But they kept pushing and kicking each other.

"Stop it! The kite is already in pieces." Meeta shouted. She had been watching the whole scene.

"Poor kite! Look what have you done! It is no more a kite. It is merely pieces of paper and bits of sticks." She said.

The boys paused for a moment.



Vivek said, "I want to fly a kite but have no money to buy it."

Manav murmured, "I want to fly a big kite in the sky. But no one makes a big kite."

Aman said angrily, "Why did you tear the kite? I would have brought it down gently."

"I didn't. He did!"



They were all blaming each other.

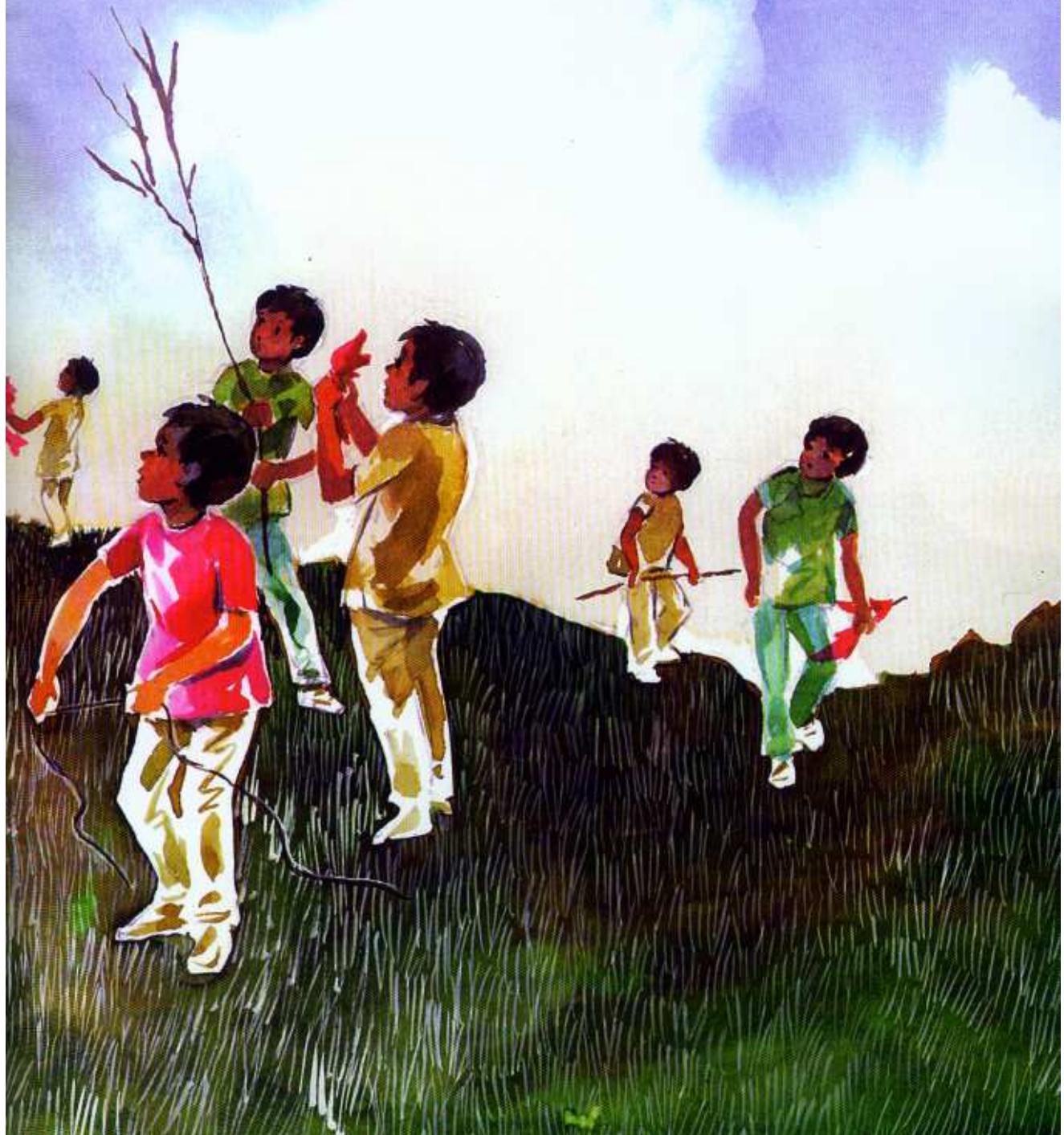
"I didn't. He pulled it from my hand." Meeta suggested,  
"Let's make a new kite!"

"But how? We don't know how to make it." Aman  
questioned.



"It is impossible for us to make a kite." Manav added.

Meeta replied gently, "I know how to make a kite and I can teach you. My father taught me the art of making a kite."



On hearing this their faces turned bright with cheer.

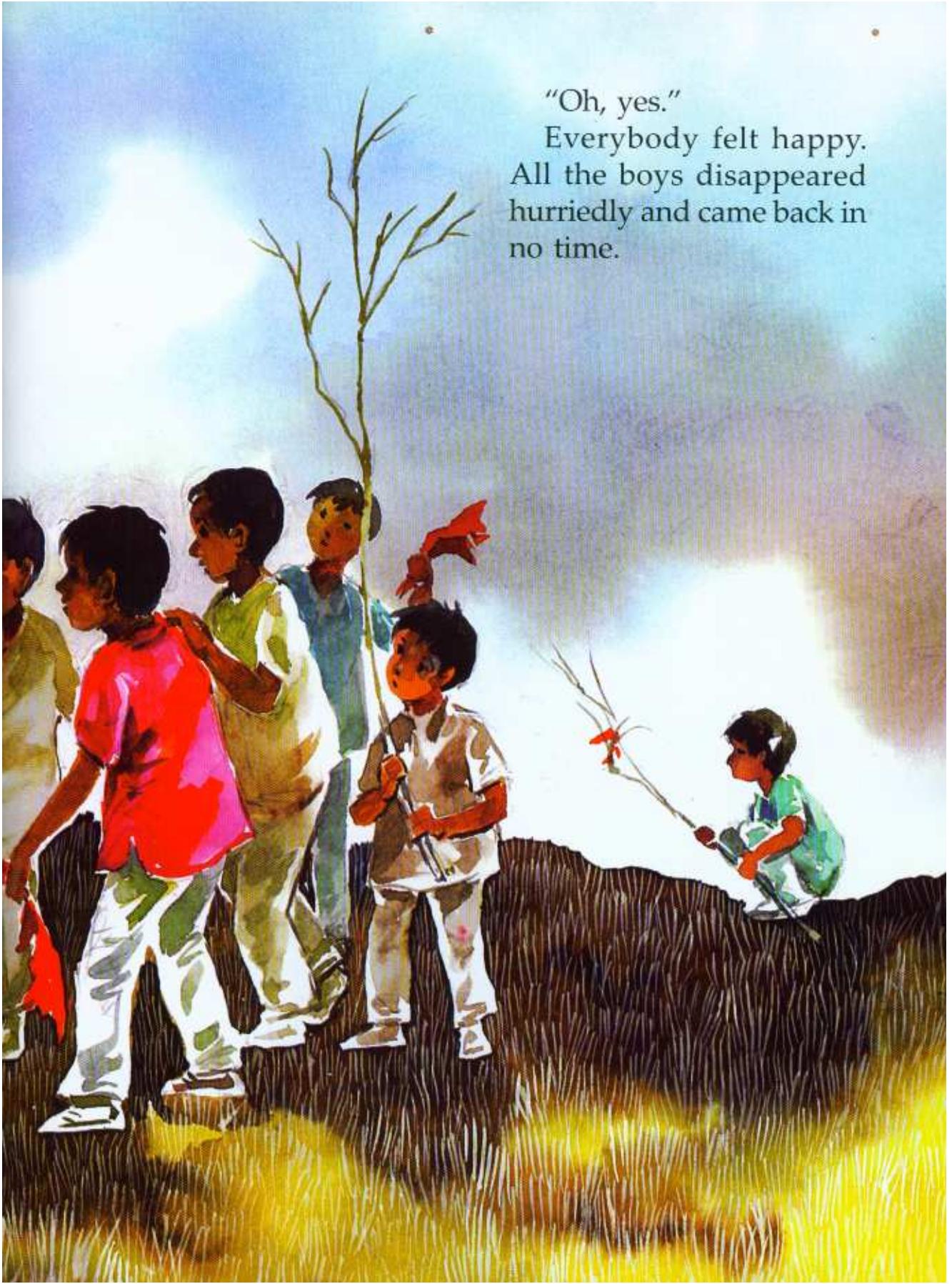
"Really?" They were all excited.

Vivek said, "I think it will take several days to make kites for each one of us. I am not interested."

Meeta encouraged him. She asked the boys to sit down and listen to her.

She explained, "We can make the kites today itself. We need few bamboo sticks, coloured papers, scissors, glue... Can you get these things from your homes?"





"Oh, yes."

Everybody felt happy.  
All the boys disappeared  
hurriedly and came back in  
no time.



Every boy brought something or the other—bamboo sticks, multi-coloured papers, pairs of scissors, a ball of string and glue.

Then Meeta guided the boys at each step.





The boys got busy in making kites.  
"It is really fun to make kites!" Manav said happily.



"I didn't know that I could make a kite on my own." Aman added.

The boys were very happy making their own kites.

First the frames of the kites took shape.

And then the boys pasted papers of different colours on the frames.

Red kite, blue kite, yellow kite, green kite....  
Seven colourful kites were made.  
"How beautiful our kites are!"  
"I like this red kite."



"Mine is a blue one."

"Yellow kite is lovely!"

Then the string was tied firmly to each kite.

The kites were ready to fly.

There was no fight among the boys any more.

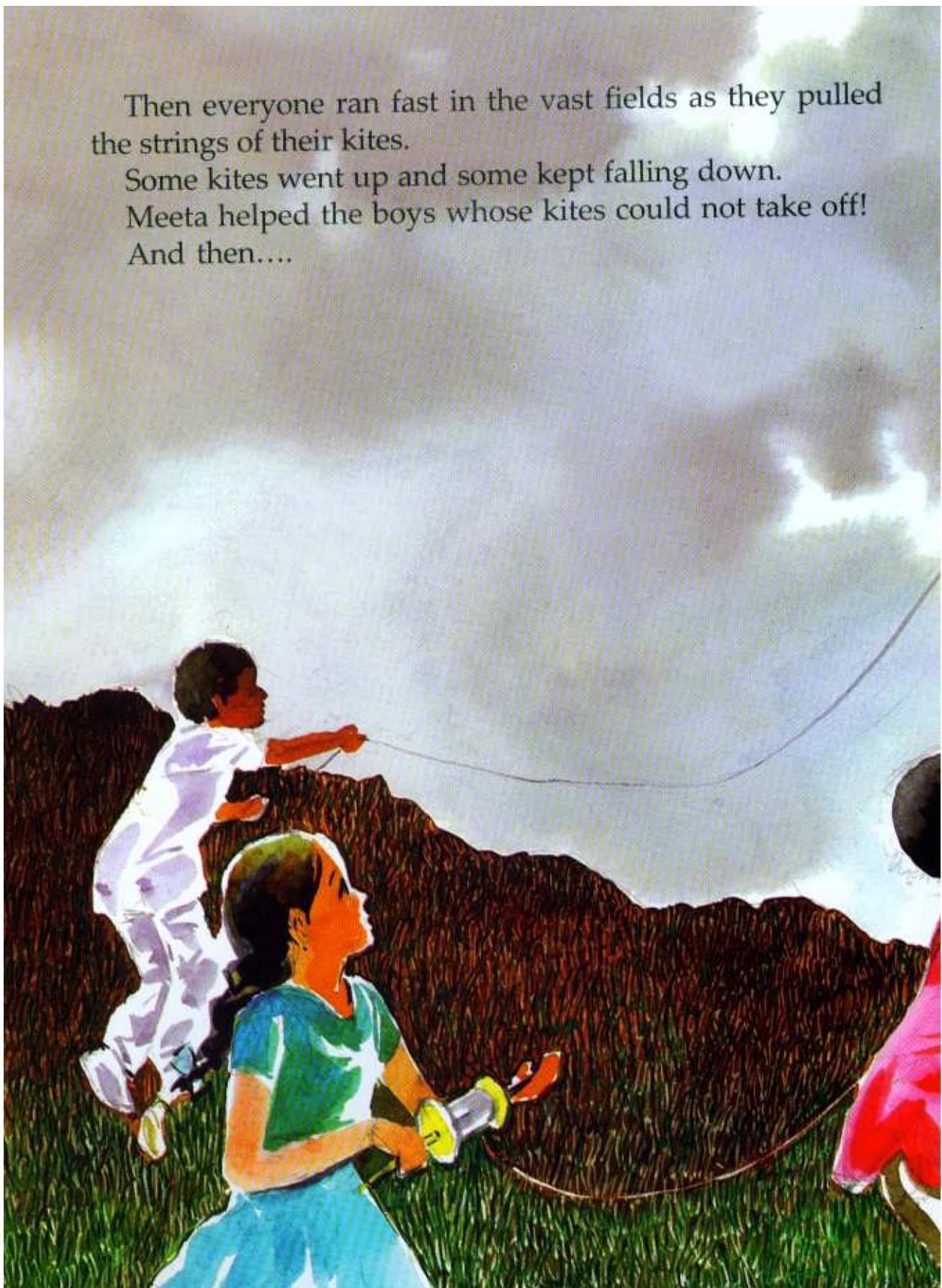


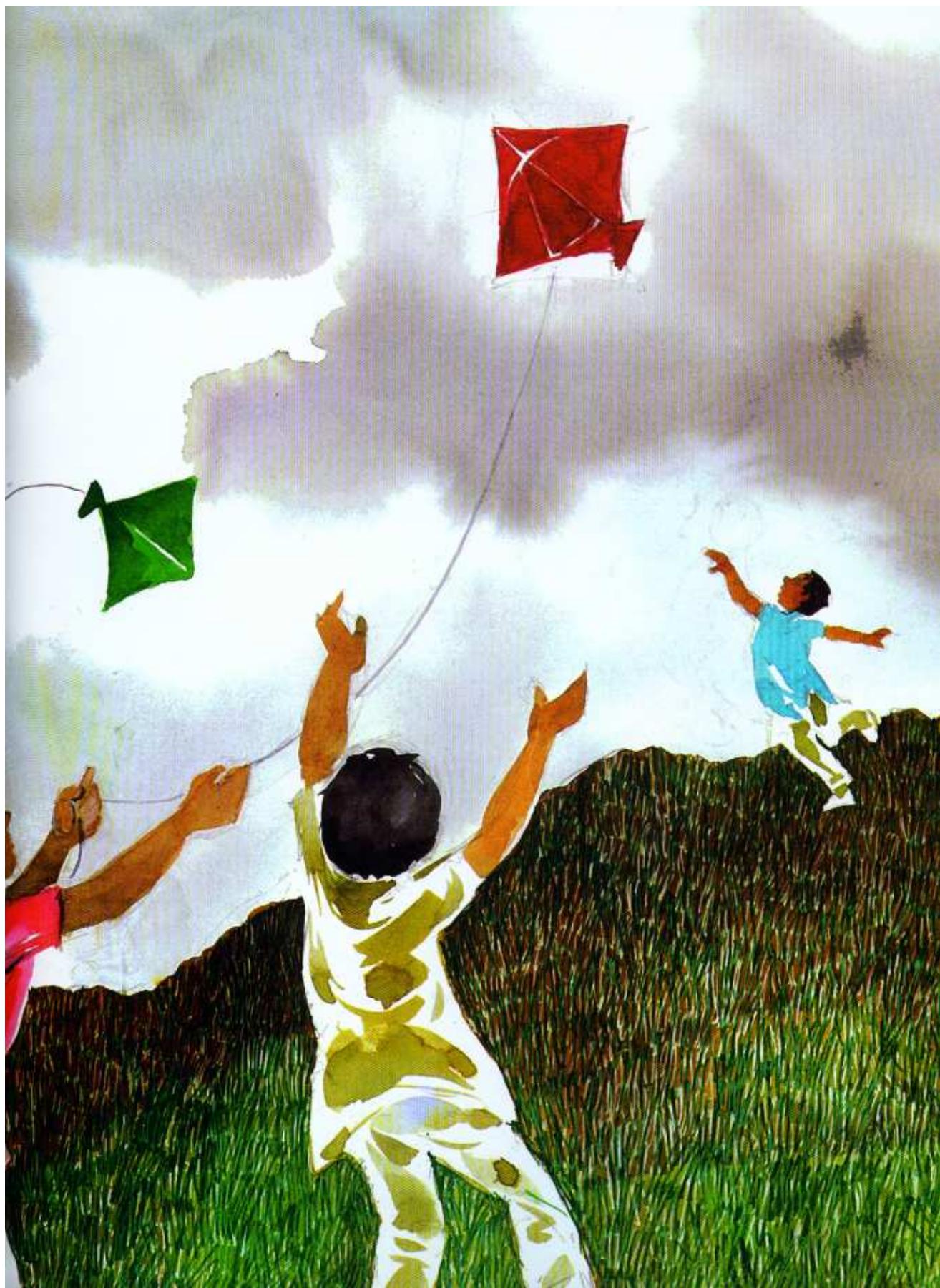
Then everyone ran fast in the vast fields as they pulled the strings of their kites.

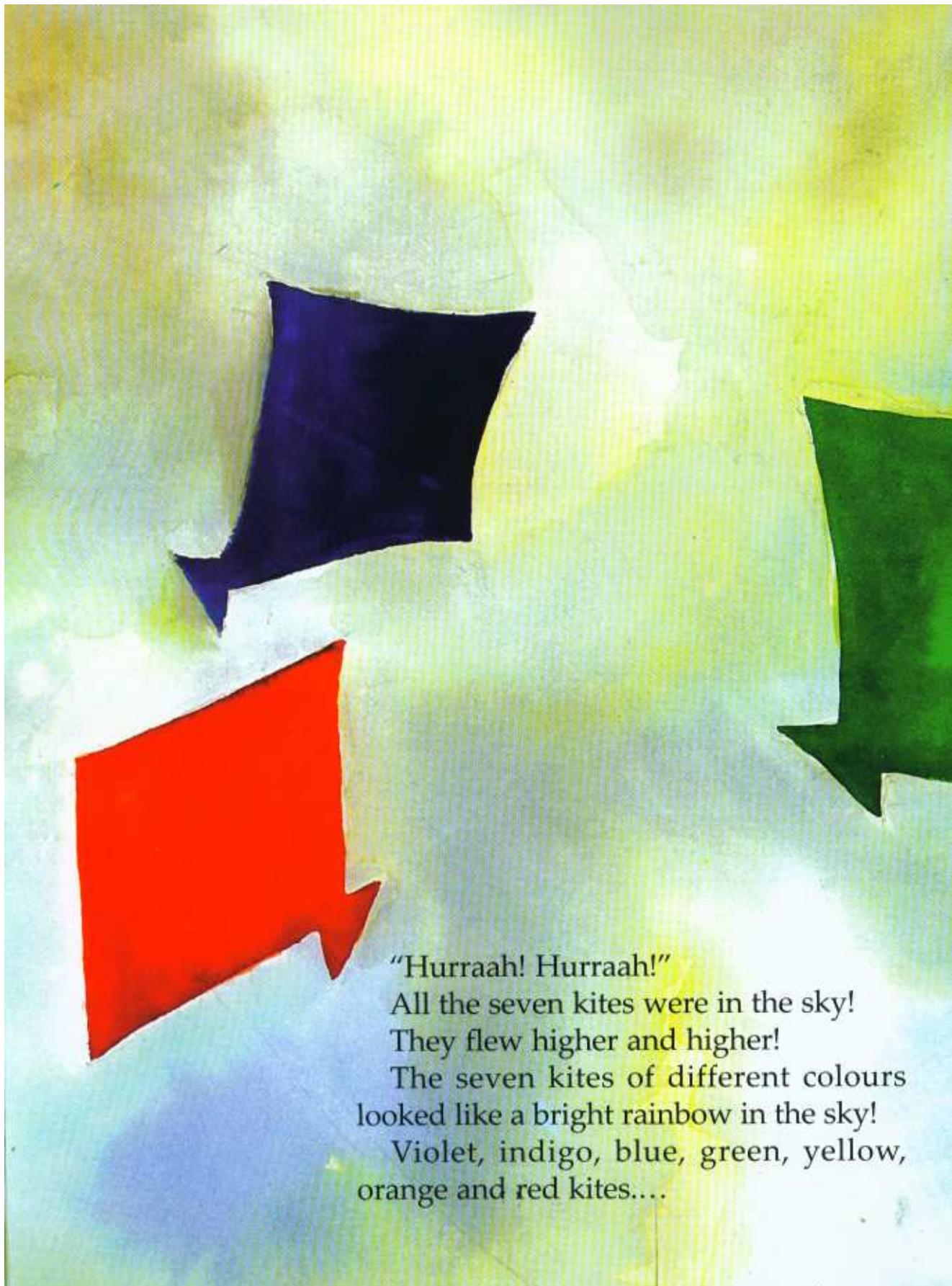
Some kites went up and some kept falling down.

Meeta helped the boys whose kites could not take off!

And then....







"Hurraah! Hurraah!"

All the seven kites were in the sky!

They flew higher and higher!

The seven kites of different colours  
looked like a bright rainbow in the sky!

Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow,  
orange and red kites....



Looking at them in the sky the boys jumped with joy.  
They sang together –  
“Fly high and high  
Our kites in the sky  
We love you dear  
We love to play together.”



## JOINT PUBLICATION PROGRAMME OF BOOKS ON PEACE FOR CHILDREN IN ASIA

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